If High Finance Were Turned Red

A HOBGOBLIN of Bolshevik finance in America is raised by George Kibbe Turner in his quasi-prophetic novel, *Red Friday*. The tale is told by the Rev. J. Appleton Todd, a disciple of Christian socialism, a familiar of the bourgeoisie (the cant terms of Marxian insurgence abound in the text), a clergyman without a charge, apparently. It concerns the arrival in New York of a Russian Bolshevik who proposes to bring about the downfall of the very rich and the near rich and the elevation to power of the proletariat through the operation of what is styled here the "plot of debt"—a phrase which we should imagine had its origin in the financial programme of Lenine and Trotzky as we have read of it in the newspaper cables from Russia.

Plangónev, as this mysterious, all-knowing and all-powerful Russian is called, seeks to use as the instrument to fashion his plot of debt one Stephen Black, an enormously rich and important Wall Street manipulator. Plangonev's scheme is based on "the new power of the proletariat, the power of creating public debt—of destroying and confiscating private property by popular vote." The Bolshevik's scheme, which is far too involved to follow here, is to have Black get 90 per cent. of the proceeds of his plan, while Plangonev gets 10 per cent for his "fund of freedom," which is expended for the ultimate triumph of the proletariat.

A labor agitator is dragged into the plot and drugged out of it again by the simple device of letting him drink wood alcohol for liquor. Stephen Black is driven to the edge of death on the day of financial ruin designed for the bourgeoisie of the United States in general, and styled by Plangonev Red Friday. Parson Todd, after being confronted with the actual harvest of his delving in the social revolution, is compelled to admit that what man has built up under the present order is not so evil a structure after all. And just when Plangonev thinks he is going to marry Stephen Black's beautiful daughter on that fatal Friday she takes a leaf out of the book of the "direct actionists" and kills him in the library of her father's home.

Evidently seeing no other way out of the mess he has written things into, Mr. Turner falls back on the threadbare device of having bourgeoisie and proletariat in the United States clamor jointly for a return to the "old ways" in which the Bolsheviki had no place. This very trite tale has only one thing in its favor. It shows that Bolshevik principles and practices do not originate at the bottom, but at the top, a thing that too many bystanders at the contemporary spectacle in Russia are likely to fail to perceive.

RED FRIDAY. By George Kibbe Turner. Little, Brown & Co. $1.40.

In London they are more weary of war fiction than we are supposed to be, which is saying a great deal. "The novel has one good point," says the *Pall Mall Gazette's* reviewer of a novel Americans have yet to hear of; "the war is not mentioned once in all its 300-odd pages."

A Composite Roosevelt

ONE of the first tellings of what is likely to be a many time told tale is a biographical narrative, or anecdotal biography, of Col. Roosevelt, by Neil MacIntyre. The book makes no pretension to be a complete boigraphy, but manages in a small space to review briefly the outstanding features in his life and career, much of his political and social philosophy and accomplishment, and a great deal of the quality of the man as revealed in many stories and anecdotes. The book is called *Greatheart*, from Kipling's fine tribute at the time of his death: "It is as though Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage, for he was the greatest proved American of his generation."

Col. Roosevelt's biographers are fortunate in that he himself has left a tolerably complete record of his life, in his autobiography and in books like *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail, The Rough Riders, African Game Trails* and *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*, a last adventure that probably hastened his death; and in more recent volumes on the subject of the war, containing his confession of faith and of patriotism.

Mr. MacIntyre has made interesting selections from all these books and from other sources to describe the different phases of a great career and a picturesque personality. It is interesting to learn that what Col. Roosevelt lost in his Western ranching experiences ($100,000) he gained in a single year from his writings. "Bill" Sewall, the Maine guide and one of Mr. Roosevelt's partners in his cattle raising venture, has said it was his habit to share all of his profits with his partners, but that he assumed all the losses himself. When Roosevelt first went up into the Maine woods, when he was 18, his tutor told Sewall to watch him, as he would go until he dropped rather than admit a limit to his endurance. "Bill" says he took a lot of watching.

Wherever Col. Roosevelt went in the West we read that it always took him a day or two to live down his spectacles. But he always made good, and roughed it with the roughest. Mr. MacIntyre relates that one night in a small cow town the only hotel accommodation was two double beds, already occupied by three men. Roosevelt took the vacant half bed and turned in.

"Two hours later a lantern flashed in his face and he awoke to find himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver. Two men bent over him. 'It ain't him!' said one, and the next moment his bedfellow was covered by their guns, and one of them said, persuasively: 'Now, Bill, don't make a fuss, but come along quiet.'" Bill was wanted for holding up a train.

Mighty tree chopper that Col. Roosevelt was, compared with most of us, he did not hesitate to tell a story on himself, indicating, as Dr. Johnson would say of a woman preaching, or a dog walking on its hind legs, that he did pretty well, considering. He tells how once when on a wood chopping expedition he overheard some one ask Dow, a ranchman bred in the Maine woods, what the total cut had been. Dow, unconscious that he was within hearing, said:

"Well, Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine and the boss, he beavered seventeen."

Mr. Roosevelt explained that the cream of the jest lay not in the smaller number of trees to his credit, but in the comparison of his amateur chopping with the laborious gnawing of the beaver.

Gen. Wood writes an introduction for the book, and a sketch of Wood himself is included, and an account is given of the friendship between him and Roosevelt and their similar ideals. Before the war with Spain the two were known in Washington as "The War Party," and President McKinley used to say to Wood: "Well, have you and Theodore declared war yet?" The death of McKinley, Mr. MacIntyre holds, only hastened a goal that was already in sight when Col. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, or even before. He killed his first buck before he was 14, his first big bull moose before he was 17, and before he was 23 he had plunged into politics. His career was a crescendo of successes until Woodrow Wilson defeated him, first for the Presidency and later in his desire to take an active part in the great war.

This latter, Mr. MacIntyre says, was the greatest disappointment of his life. But what Peter Dunne once prophesied came true and was compensatory: "Colonel, one of these days those boys of yours will be putting the name Roosevelt on the map." A brief account is given of the five service stars, one of them gold, that Col. Roosevelt was entitled to wear.

The book is illustrated with many excellent photographs, including J. N. Darling's popular cartoon published at the time of his death, called "The Long Trail." The book itself is not unlike the combination photograph, showing a multitude of Roosevelts in characteristic poses.

GREATHEART: THE LIFE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Neil MacIntyre. William Edwin Rudge.

"The Woodcraft Boys"

THE WOODCRAFT BOYS AT SUNSET ISLAND is Lillian Elizabeth Roy's latest addition to her popular woodcraft series. This time the name of one who is dear to all woodcrafters appears in collaboration—M. F. Hoisington. Together the authors describe a summer as lived by a group of young people after their own hearts on an island in the Penobscot. Boys and girls who are not able to spend a summer in Maine may taste its joys through these pages, and those who are may become fully prepared to meet its emergencies and derive the greatest amount of good from the experience.

Some of the people in the book write poetry, but they ought not to be encouraged; all of them are the best natured souls in the world. They fish, swim, boat, tramp, eat gigantic meals, and attend council meetings which open with the festive greeting, "Meetah Kola, nayhoonpo omnicheeyey nee-chopi"—meaning, "Hear me, my friends, we are about to hold a council." Personally we are glad that our day was lived before it was the duty of every well regulated child to manage councils and talk this way. They all do now, frequently attending schools where the perfection of the art is prominently featured. They like it and it does them good. So will this book. Only a churl would deny the value of a work which aims to inspire a greater love of the great outdoors in the hearts of the young.

WOODCRAFT BOYS AT SUNSET ISLAND. By Lillian Elizabeth Roy and M. F. Hoisington. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.